Nor. His noble Kinſman, moſt degenerate King:
But Lords, we heare this fearefull tempeſt ſing
Yet ſeeke no ſhelter to avoyd the ſtorme:
We ſee the winde ſit ſore upon our ſailes,
And yet we ſtrike not, but ſecurely periſh.
Roſ. We ſee the very wracke that we muſt ſuffer,
And unavoyded is the danger now
For ſuffering ſo the cauſes of our wracke.
Nor. Not ſo; even through the hollow eyes of death,
I ſpie life peering: but I dare not ſay,
How neere the tidings of our comfort is.
Wil. Nay, let us ſhare thy thoughts, as thou doſt ours.
Roſ. Be confident, to ſpeake Northumberland,
We three, are but thy ſelfe, and ſpeaking ſo,
Thy words are but as thoughts, therefore be bold.
Nor. Then thus: I have from Port *le Blan*
A Bay in *Britaine*, receiv'd intelligence,
That *Harry* Duke of *Hereford*, *Raynald* Lord *Cobham*,
That late broke from the Duke of *Exeter*,
His brother Archbiſhop, late of *Canterbury*,
Sir *Thomas Erpingham*, Sir *John Rainſton*,
Sir *John Norbery*, Sir *Robert Waterton*, and *Francis Quoint*,
All theſe well furniſh'd by the Duke of *Britaine*,
With eight tall ſhips, three thouſand men of warre,
Are making hither with all due expedience,
And ſhortly meane to touch our Northerne ſhore:
Perhaps they had ere this, but that they ſtay
The firſt departing of the King for Ireland.
If then we ſhall ſhake off our ſlaviſh yoake,
Iumpe out our drooping Countries broken wing,
Redeeme from broken pawne the blemiſh'd Crowne,
Wipe off the duſt that hides the Scepters gilt,
And make high Majeſty looke like it ſelfe,
Away with me in poſte to *Ravenſpurgh*,
But if you faint, as fearing to doe ſo,
Stay and be ſecret, and my ſelfe will goe.
Roſ. To horſe, to horſe, urge doubts to them that feare.
Wil. Hold out my horſe, and I will firſt be there. *Exeu.*

Scena

Scena S

Enter Queene, Bu

Buſh. Madam, your Majeſ
You promis'd when you par
To lay aſide ſelfe-harming he
And entertaine a cheerefull d
Qu. To pleaſe the King, I
I cannot doe it: yet I know
Why I ſhould welcome ſuc
Save bidding farewell to ſo
As my ſweet *Richard*, yet a
Some unborne ſorrow ripe i
Is comming towards me, a
With nothing trembles, at ſo
More than with parting from
Buſh. Each ſubſtance of a
Which ſhewes like griefe it
For ſorrowes eye glazed w
Divides one thing intire, t
Like perſpectives, which righ
Shew nothing but confuſion
Diſtinguiſht forme: ſo you
Looking awry upon your L
Find ſhapes of griefe, more t
Which look'd on as it is, is
Of what it is not, then thri
More then your Lords depa
Or if it be, tis with falſe ſor
Which for things true, weep
Qu. It may be ſo, but yet
Perſwades me it is otherwi
I cannot but be ſad: ſo hea